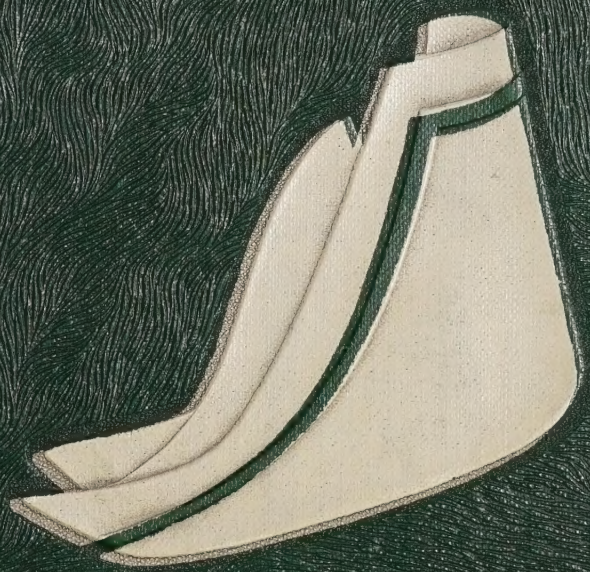
THE White Cap



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"Watts"

The 1952

Published Annually by the Senior

Watts Hospital . . . Durham,

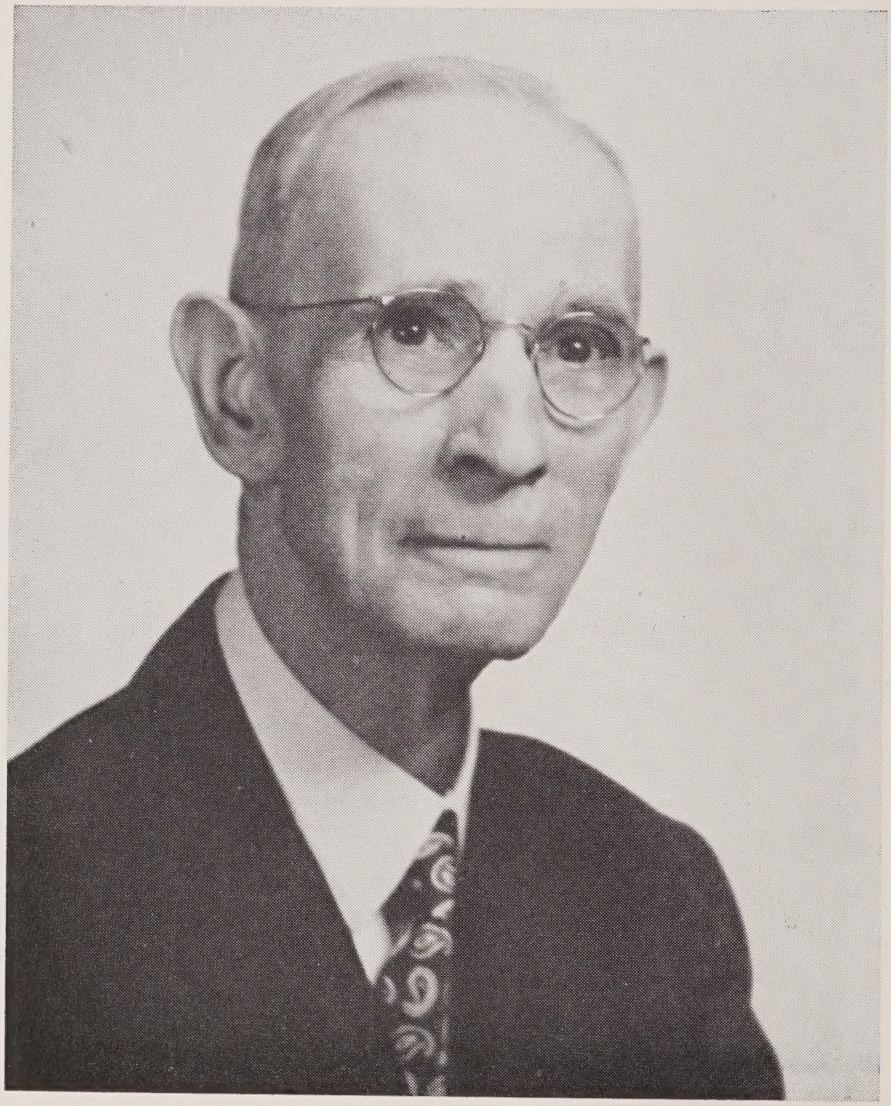
White Cap

Class of North Carolina

REBEKAH ROBERTS.....*Editor-in-Chief*

REBECCA BOLICK.....*Business Manager*

Dedication



DR. BITTING

Because of his interest in, devotion to, and vision for our hospital and School of Nursing, we, the members of the Class of 1952, take particular pleasure in dedicating THE WHITE CAP, our school annual, to his memory and enduring honor.

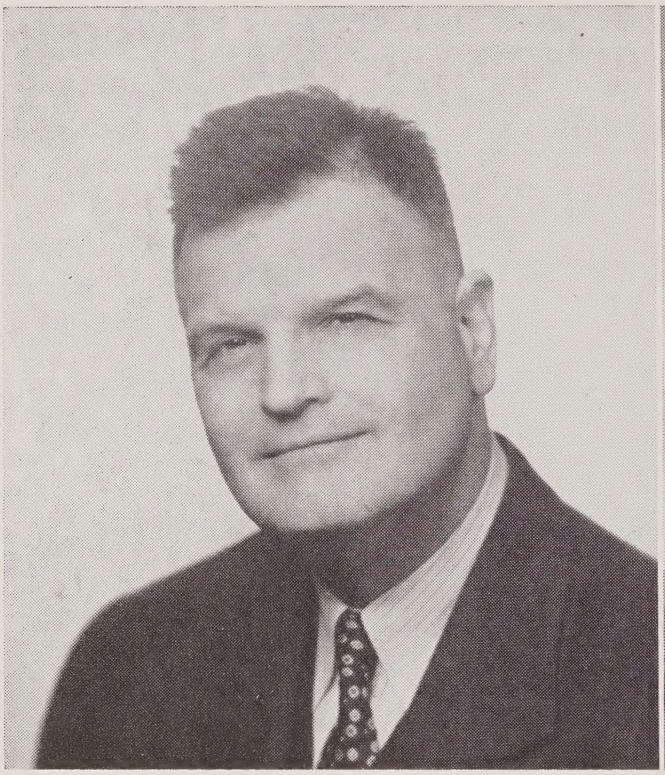
With Camera and Pen

We, the class of 1952 entered her gates and now we leave. We can't take WATTS or her gates with us, we wouldn't want to. But memories—we've got them galore! Seven o'clock classes, doctors, interns—all the departments, laughter and tears, and all the alchemy that makes for good remembering . . . they're ours for as long as we can remember. This last year has given us a sense of unity and accomplishment. Life at WATTS is something special, something that has meaning and a sense of faith for each of us. We all have memories too numerous to record individually, but we hope that this annual will in future years give you in pictures and prose the best of WATTS. By the best, we mean you as seen from the eyes of your instructors, your classmates and WATTS as a whole.

The gates swung in and now they swing out and we're off into a new and different world. May God continue to bless, may the gates continue to swing, and give to others what they've given to us.

THE EDITOR.

Administration



SAMPLE B. FORBUS
Superintendent of Hospital

JOHN F. MOULTON
Assistant Superintendent of Hospital

MRS. BESSIE BURGESS
Superintendent of Nurses

MISS SARAH SMITH
Assistant Superintendent of Nurses

Attending Staff

Dr. Norman Bowles

Dr. Waldo Boone

Dr. Everette Bugg

Dr. Emil Cekada

Dr. William Coppridge

Dr. James Davidson

Dr. June Gunter

Dr. Mabel Goudge

Dr. I. E. Harris

Dr. T. T. Jones

Dr. Arthur London

Dr. Issac Manning

Dr. W. B. McCutcheon

Dr. James McDonald

Dr. R. E. Nichols

Attending Staff

Dr. Richard Pearse

Dr. A. H. Powell

Dr. R. B. Raney

Dr. Foy Roberson

Dr. Lewis Roberts

Dr. Edwin Robertson

Dr. H. M. Schiebel

Dr. Lois Stanford

Dr. Raney Stanford

Dr. George Watson

Dr. James Wilson

Dr. James Woods

Dr. Kenneth Podger

Resident Staff

Dr. David Drake, Dr. Robert Nichols, Dr. James Stringfield, Drs. Hugh and Lois McCorkle.

Not pictured:

Dr. Tyndall Harris
Dr. Robert Lewis
Dr. Ben Creech
Dr. R. S. Fillmore
Dr. Payne Dale
Dr. Margaret Palmer
Dr. Joe Freeman
Dr. John Henderson

Supervisors

Mrs. Frances Briggs

Mrs. Mary Clayton

Miss Agnes Elledge

Miss Bliss Griffin

Mrs. Eleanor Mallard

Mrs. Jessie O'Neil

Mrs. Ethel Riggsbee

Miss Vivian Roberson

Not pictured:
Mrs. Mildred Lindsey

Head Nurses

Top row:

Mrs. Frances Berry
Ward D

Miss Vernelle Cameron
Ward F

Miss Marie Lawrence
Ward G

Mrs. Edna Watkins
Ward H

Second row:

Miss Nannie Blackwood
Ward I

Miss Ruth Jones
Ward K

Miss Sarah Nunnally
Ward L

Miss Fannie Carden
Operating Room

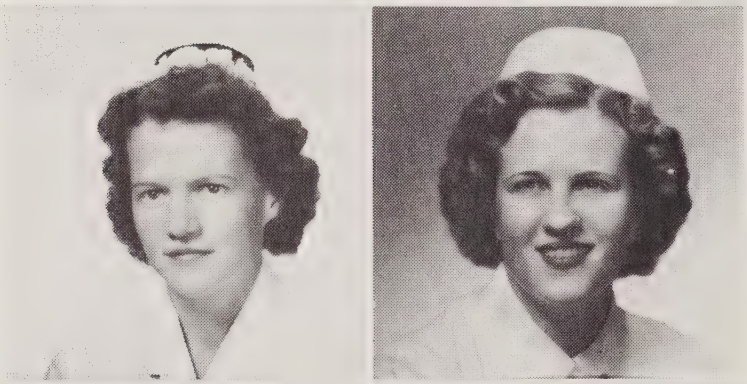
Mrs. Margaret Brown
Premature Nursery

Not pictured:

Mrs. Parrish
Mrs. Adams
Mrs. Suggs
Mrs. Riggs

Our Faculty

Miss Mary Watts

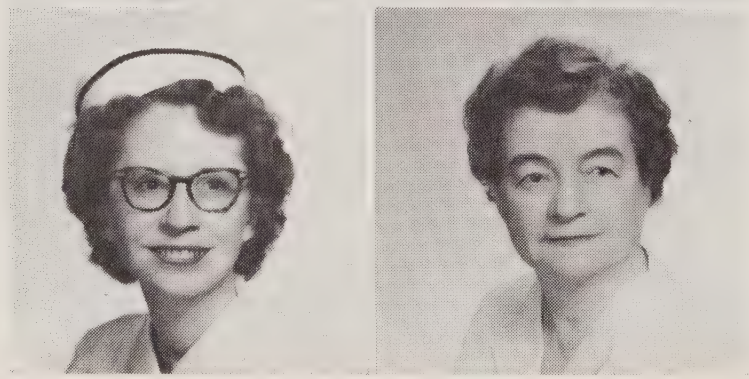


Mrs. Russell Dicks

Mrs. Ruth Rasberry

Mrs. Ruby Pierce

Mrs. Olive Galloway



Mrs. Cecil Hosteller

Miss Emma Chaffin

Classes

Seniors

Betty Adams Class

Mattie Williams.....*President*

Doris Crews.....*Vice-President*

Jeanette Thomas .....*Secy.-Treasurer*

Seniors

BETTY ANN ADAMS
"Betty"
Wilmington, N. C.

MAVIS ALLEN
"Mavis"
Four Oaks, N. C.

REBECCA BOLICK
"Beckie"
Hickory, N. C.

DOROTHY BUCHANAN
"Dottie"
Wilmington, N. C.

VERA BURRIS
"Vera"
Madison, N. C.

DOROTHY BYRUM
"Dot"
Raleigh, N. C.

PAULINE COSTNER
"Polly"
Charlotte, N. C.

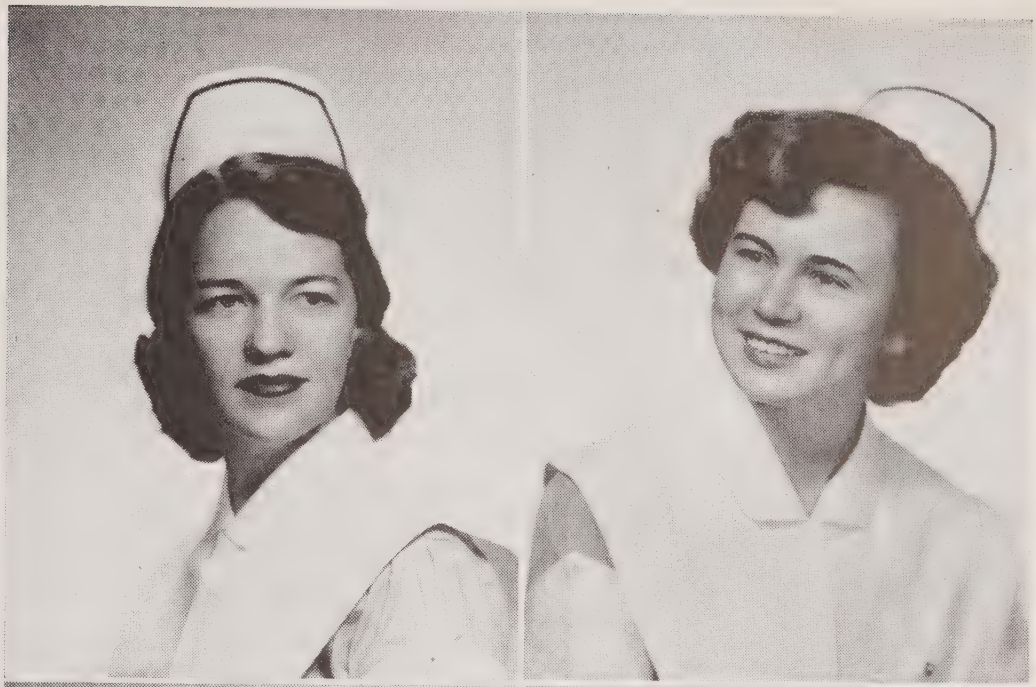
WINIFRED COUSINS
"Winnie"
Merry Oaks, N. C.

EDNA CREW
"Edna"
Durham, N. C.

DORIS CREWS
"Doris"
Stoneville, N. C.

EMMA RUTH DARDEN
"Offie"
Siler City, N. C.

DORIS FISHER
"Dotsie"
Whiteville, N. C.



EUNICE FISHER
"Eunice"
Whiteville, N. C.

MARY HELEN GURKIN
"Hope"
Whiteville, N. C.

BETTY LOU HUMPHREY
"Betty"
Kinston, N. C.

CAROLYN JORDAN
"Carolyn"
Fayetteville, N. C.

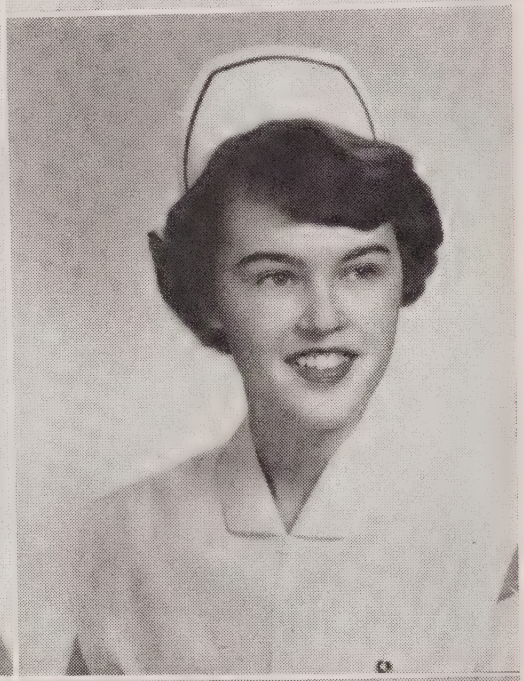
BETSY LEWIS
"Betsy"
Charlotte, N. C.

CAROLYN LEWIS
"Pal"
Saxapahaw, N. C.

MARY MCVEY
"Mary Tom"
Snow Camp, N. C.

JOYCE OAKLEY
"Joyce"
Carrboro, N. C.

DORIS PARRISH
"Doris"
Henderson, N. C.



ANNA LEE PENNINGTON
"Lee"
Goldsboro, N. C.

REBECCA PERRY
"Becky"
Gastonia, N. C.

LAWRENCE PILAND
"Laurie"
Raleigh, N. C.

Seniors

JANE ROSS POWELL
"Jane"
Whiteville, N. C.

REBEKAH ROBERTS
"Beck"
Cameron, N. C.

FREIDA SIMMONS
"Freida"
Clinton, N. C.

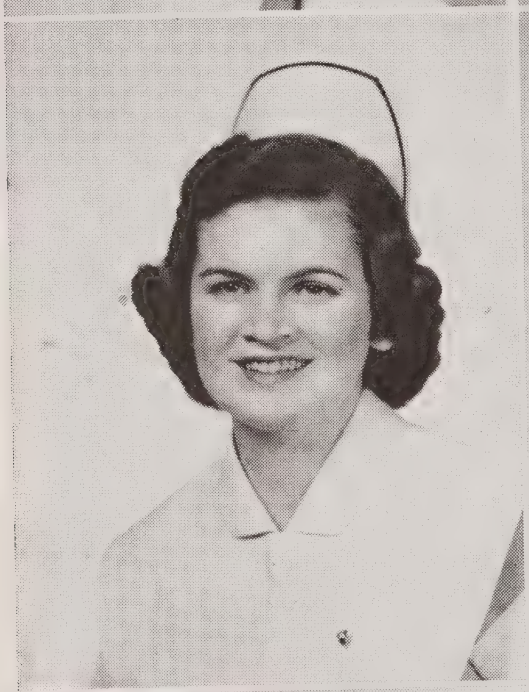
MARIE SMITH
"Marie"
Biltmore, N. C.

BARBARA STOCKARD
"Stock"
Burlington, N. C.

GLENNA STOWERS
"Glenna"
Cove Creek, Va.

JEANETTE THOMAS
"Jan"
Durham, N. C.

VALERIA VINSON
"Val"
Roseboro, N. C.



LUKEVIA WADE
"Lukie"
Morehead City, N. C.

JOYCE WESTMORELAND
"Joyce"
Durham, N. C.

POLLYANNA WILLIAMS
"Polly"
Durham, N. C.

MATTIE WILLIAMS
"Mattie"
Bynum, N. C.

Seniors

JUDITH WOODY
"Judy"
Henderson, N. C.

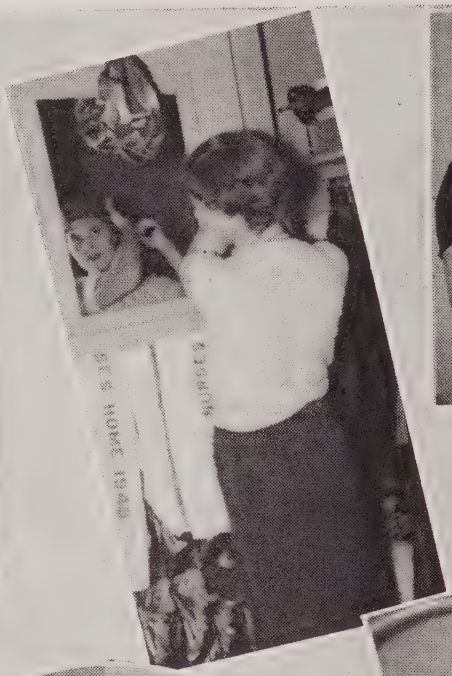
MIRIAM BECHER
"Mi Mi"
Maplewood, N. J.

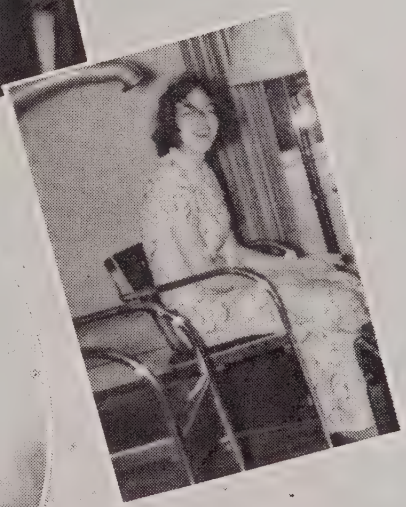
Class Colors: Columbia Blue, White

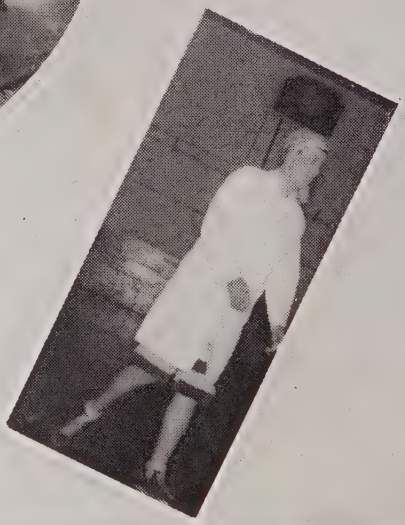
Class Flower: White Chrysanthemum

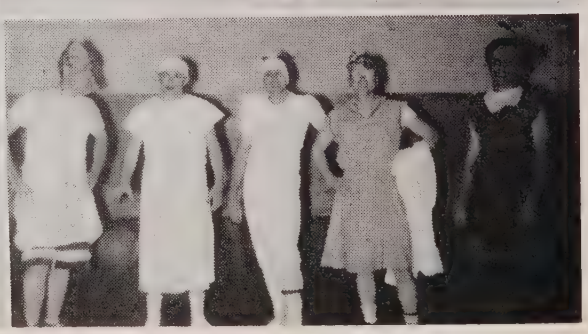
Class Sponsor—MRS. RUTH RASBERRY

Senior Snaps









Senior Class Mascots

MASCOT HARRIS

Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. E. Harris.

MASCOT PODGER

Son of Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Podger.

Juniors

Patricia Adams Class

OFFICERS

Carrie Hall.....*President*

Julie Beard .....*Secy.-Treasurer*

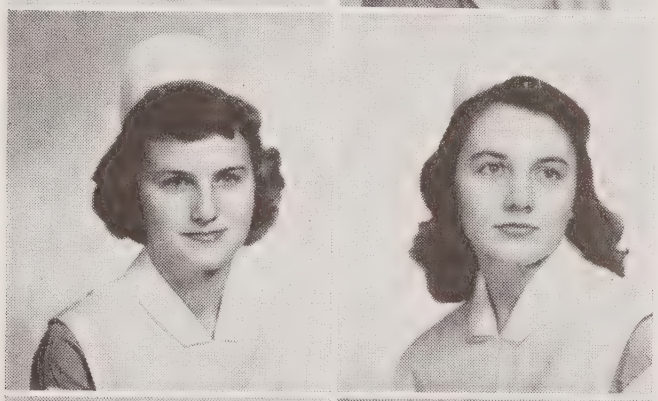
Juniors

Lois Barrow

Julie Beard

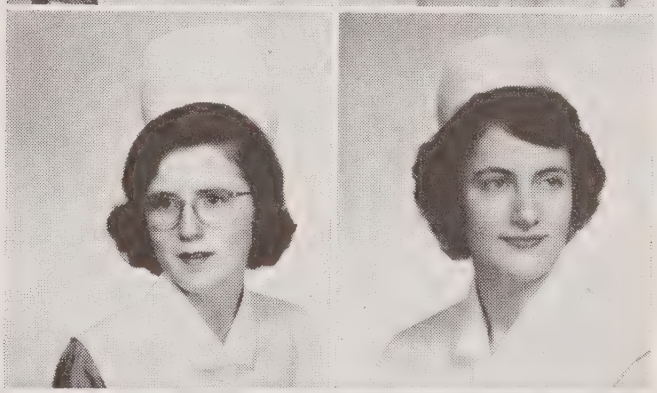
Jean Bullock

Ann Daniels



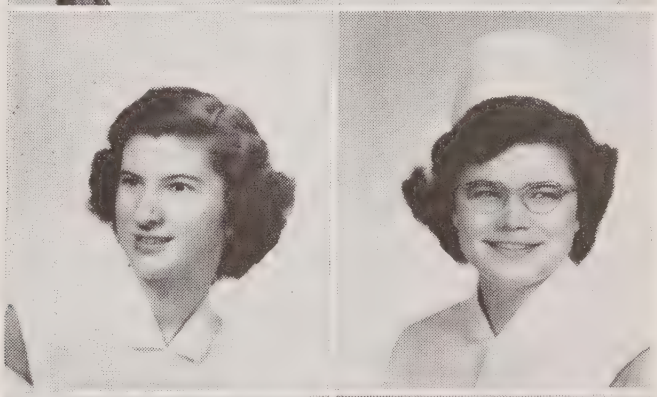
Kathryn Fish

Mary Fisher



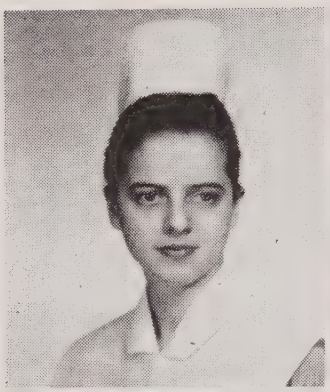
Catherine Hagan

Carrie Hall



Martha Harmon

Edna Harrell



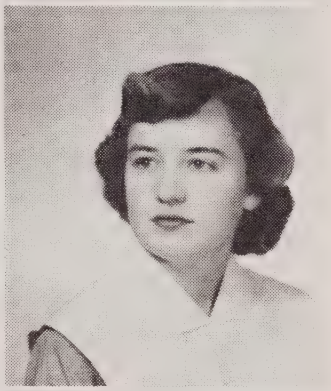
Mary Hatch

Billie Hatcher

Peggy Hawkins

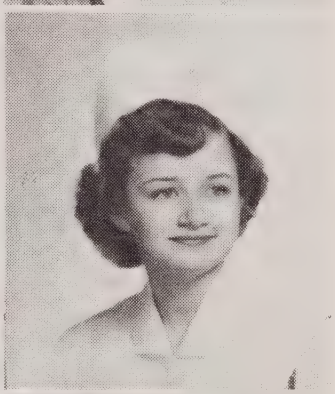
Betty Hurst

Shirley Jackson



Mattie Johnson

Muriel Jordan



Chris Justus

Audrey King

Faye King

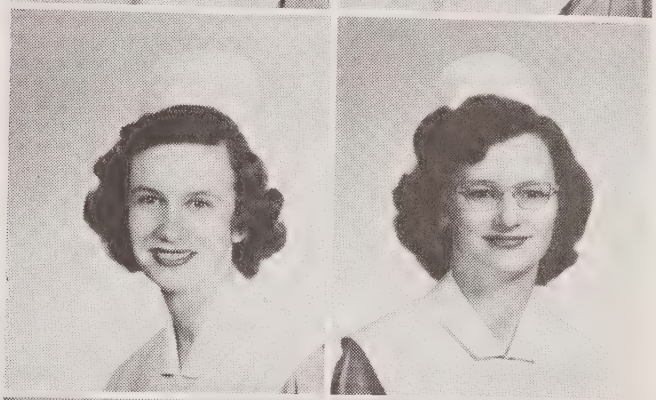
Juniors

Grace Kelley

Doris Moore

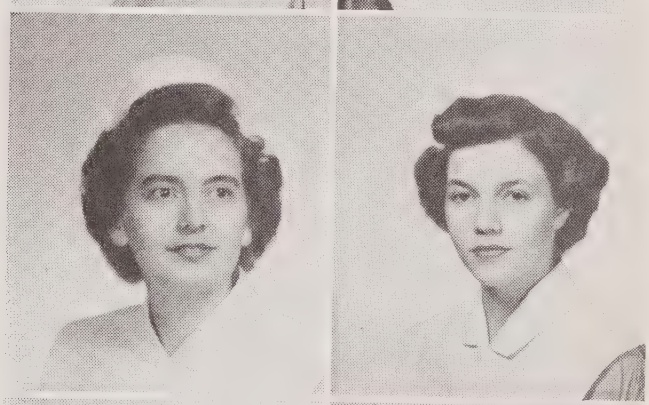
Peggy Piper

Marilyn Ransdell



Lucile Riley

Frances Rosemond

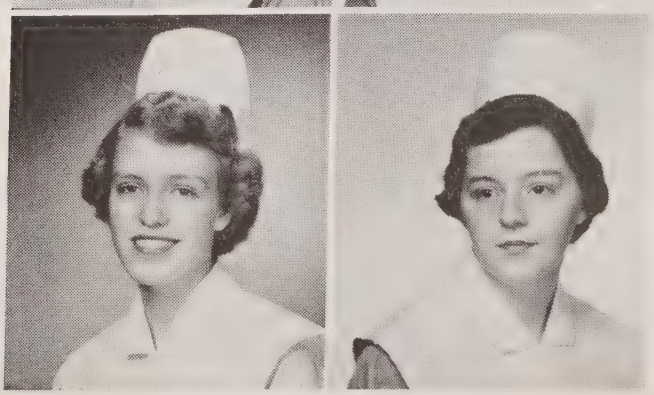


Louise Sanford

Edith Schneider

Barbara Smith

Reba Smith

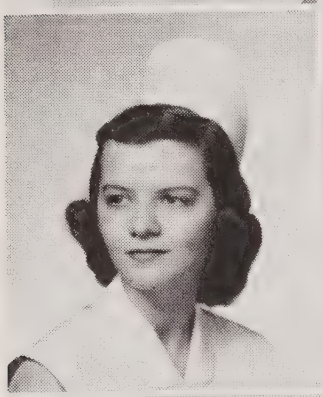


Juniors

Juniors

Mary Stuckey

Doris Teachey

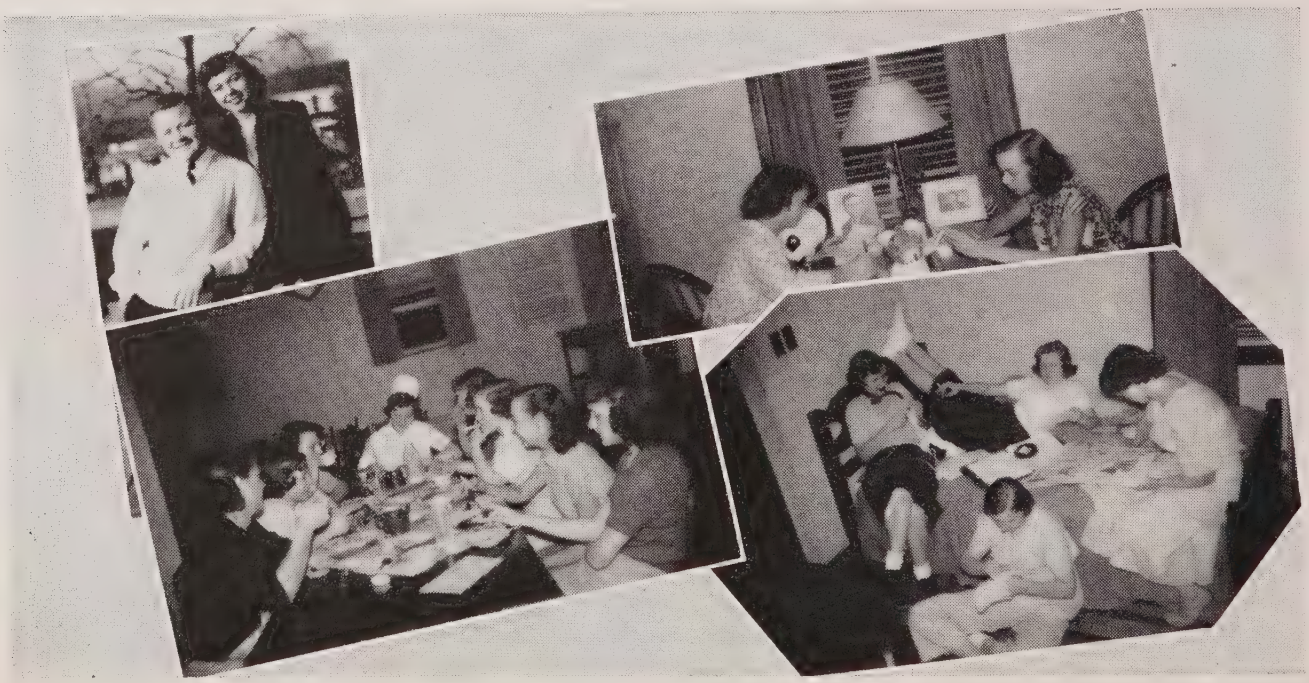


Jean Tiller

Nancy Watson

Jimmie Weathers

Jeneverette Wilson



Freshmen

Burnita Adams Class

OFFICERS

PATRICIA LEGRAND.....*President*

MICKEY MCBROOM .....*Secy.-Treasurer*

Freshmen

Burnita Adams, Lou Bailey, Mary Brooks, Doris Cameron, Eugenia Cole, Belle Crabtree, Muriel Davis, Sue Davis, Annie Dunn, Henrietta Fishel, Betty Franklin, Novella Goddard, Malda Gray, Pearl Happer, Frances Harper, Hulda Hawkins, Jeanette Hayes, Ann Hight, Bobbie Holt, Helen Hutchins, Elizabeth Johnson, Frances Keasler, Patricia Kirk, Nancy Knoll, Patricia LeGrand.

Freshmen

Carolyn Malpass, LaVerne McAdams, Mickey McBroom, Billie McClure, Geraldine McCray, Barbara McCurry, Alyce Morse, Elizabeth Peasler, Betty Pickano, Carolyn Pittard, Betsy Rooker, Mary Sizemore, Elizabeth Stephenson, Kathie Terry, Barbara Thomas, Erolyn Turner, Betsy Wade, Winifred Warden, Ruth Watkins, Martha Wrenn.

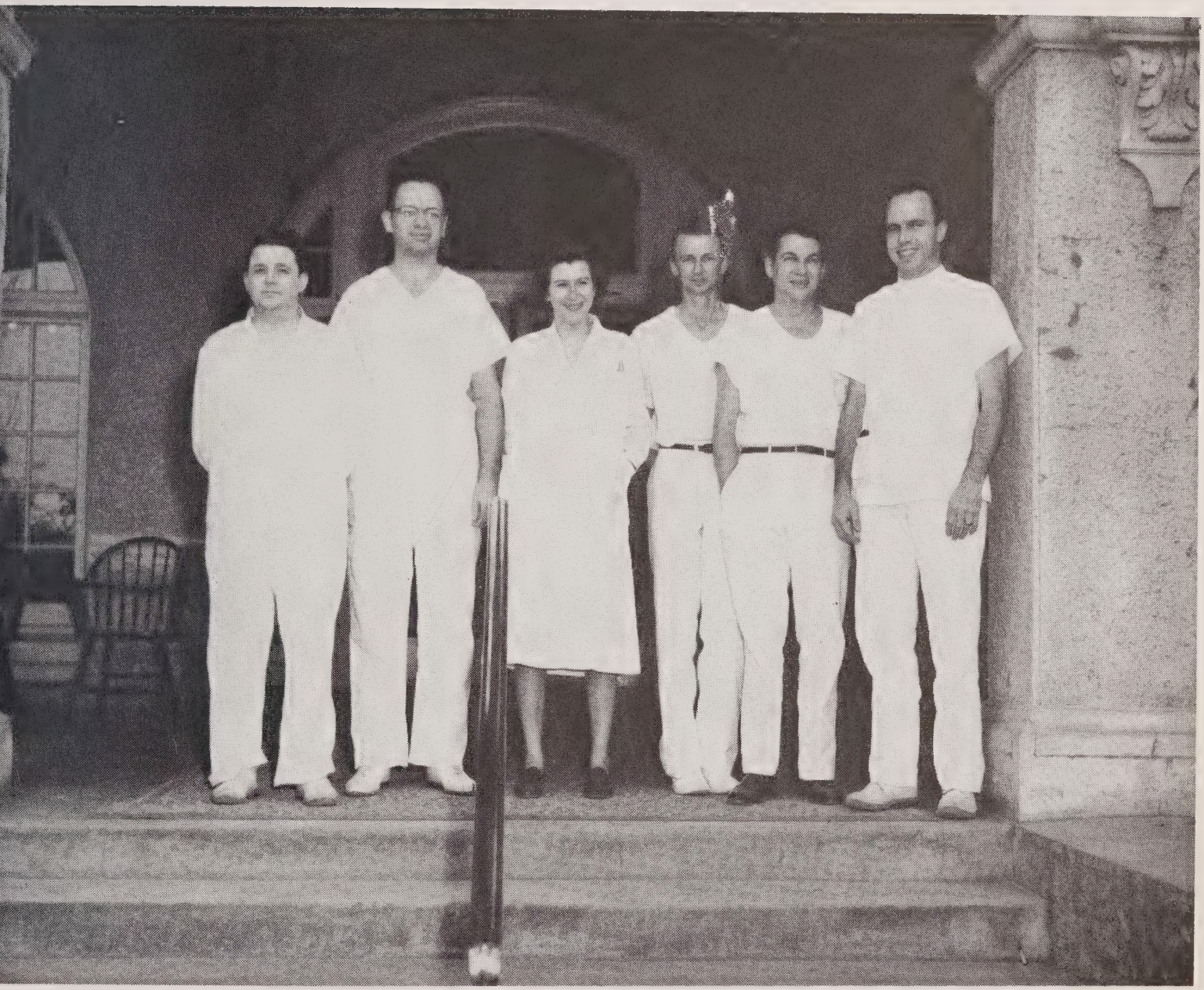
Instructors of Licensed Practical Nurses

Mrs. Charlotte Alford, Mrs. Joan Mancini, Mrs. Ruth Rosser.

The first class of Student Practical Nurses began their program of training on January 9, 1950.

These women are taught to care for the sub-acute, chronic and convalescent patients, as well as mothers and newborn infants, children and the aged. They become skilled in many of the less technical and less highly skilled nursing procedures and are trained to become an assistant to the professional nurse in caring for patients.

Resident Staff



. . . What would we have done without them?

Activities

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Glee Club

Director: MRS. RUSSELL DICKS

Annie—the lady who sees all, knows all, but tells nothing—passes from Betty Adams and Betty Humphrey to Edith Schneider and Mary Elizabeth Stuckey.

Basketball

VERA BURRIS—MARIE SMITH
Co-Captains of Basketball Team

Valentine Dance

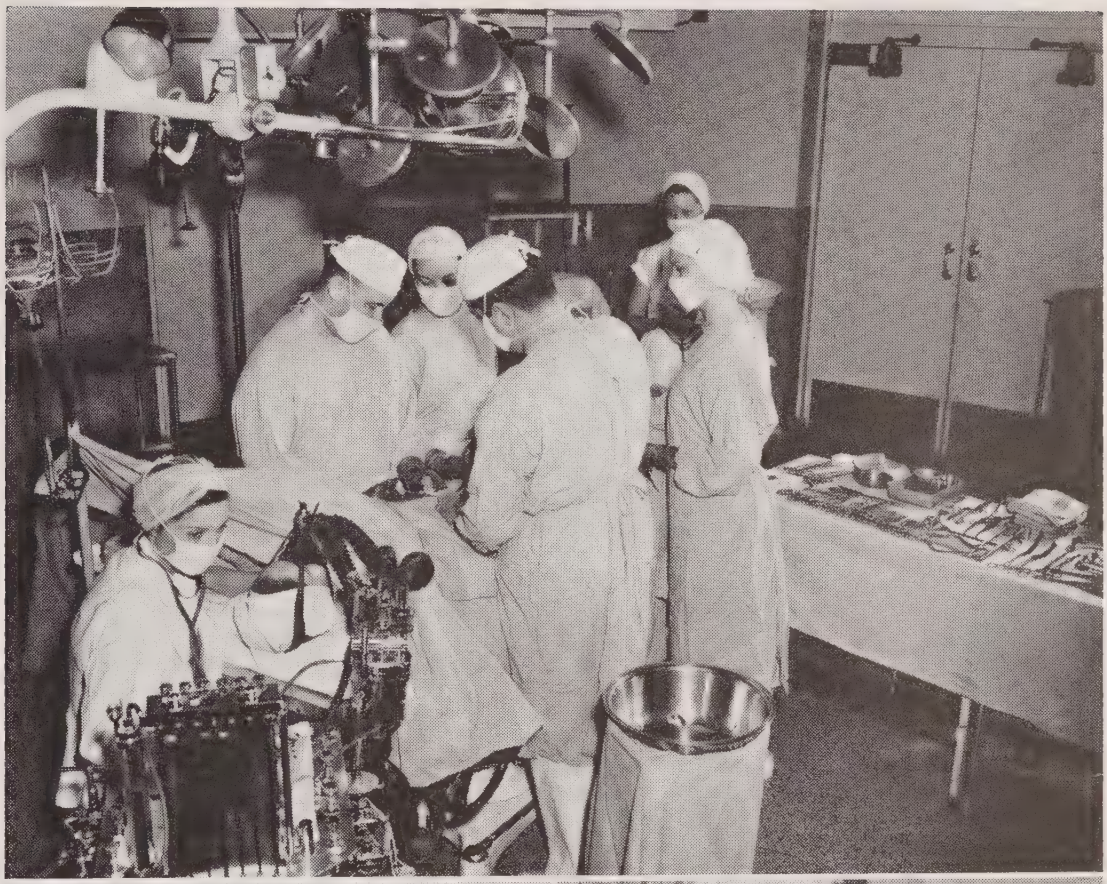
Sweetheart—Betty Ann Adams

Hill House

Mrs. L. D. Bruster Mrs. Nellie Register Mrs. Flora Steele

Mrs. Lula Beattie Mrs. Virginia Patton

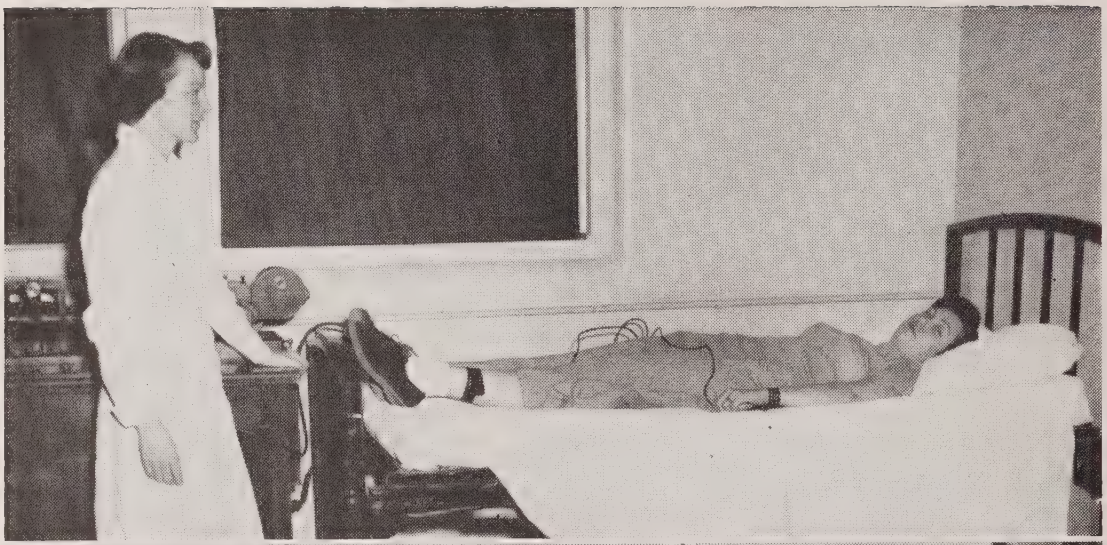
"The Inside"



JOYCE WESTMORELAND
Throwing Mosquitos

BECKY BOLICK
Breathing Normally

GLENNA STOWERS
Shaking-the-Bottle



WINIFRED COUSINS
Strings Attached

MAVIS ALLEN
Examining

PRE-CLINICALS

STUDENTS' LIBRARY

LABORATORY

INFORMATION, PLEASE!

The White Cap

JEANETTE THOMAS
Asst. Editor

REBECCA BOLICK
Business Mgr.

REBEKAH ROBERTS
Editor-in-Chief

EUNICE FISHER
Adv. Mgr.

MATTIE WILLIAMS
Photographic Ed.

LEE PENNINGTON
Art Ed.

Senior . . . Superlatives

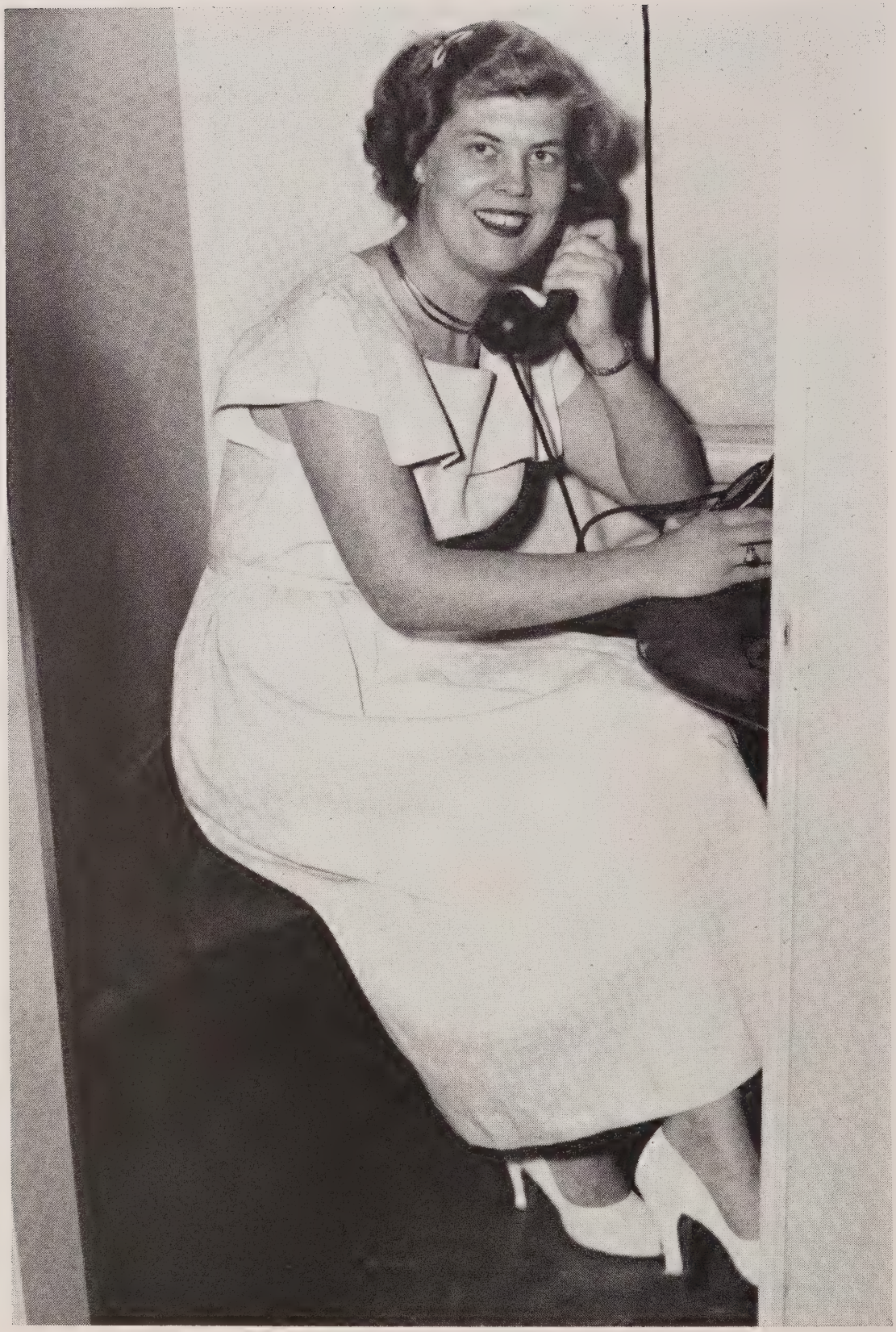
JOYCE WESTMORELAND
Most Attractive

JANE POWELL
Most Popular

REBEKAH ROBERTS
Wittiest

DOROTHY BYRUM
Cutest

MATTIE WILLIAMS
Best All Around

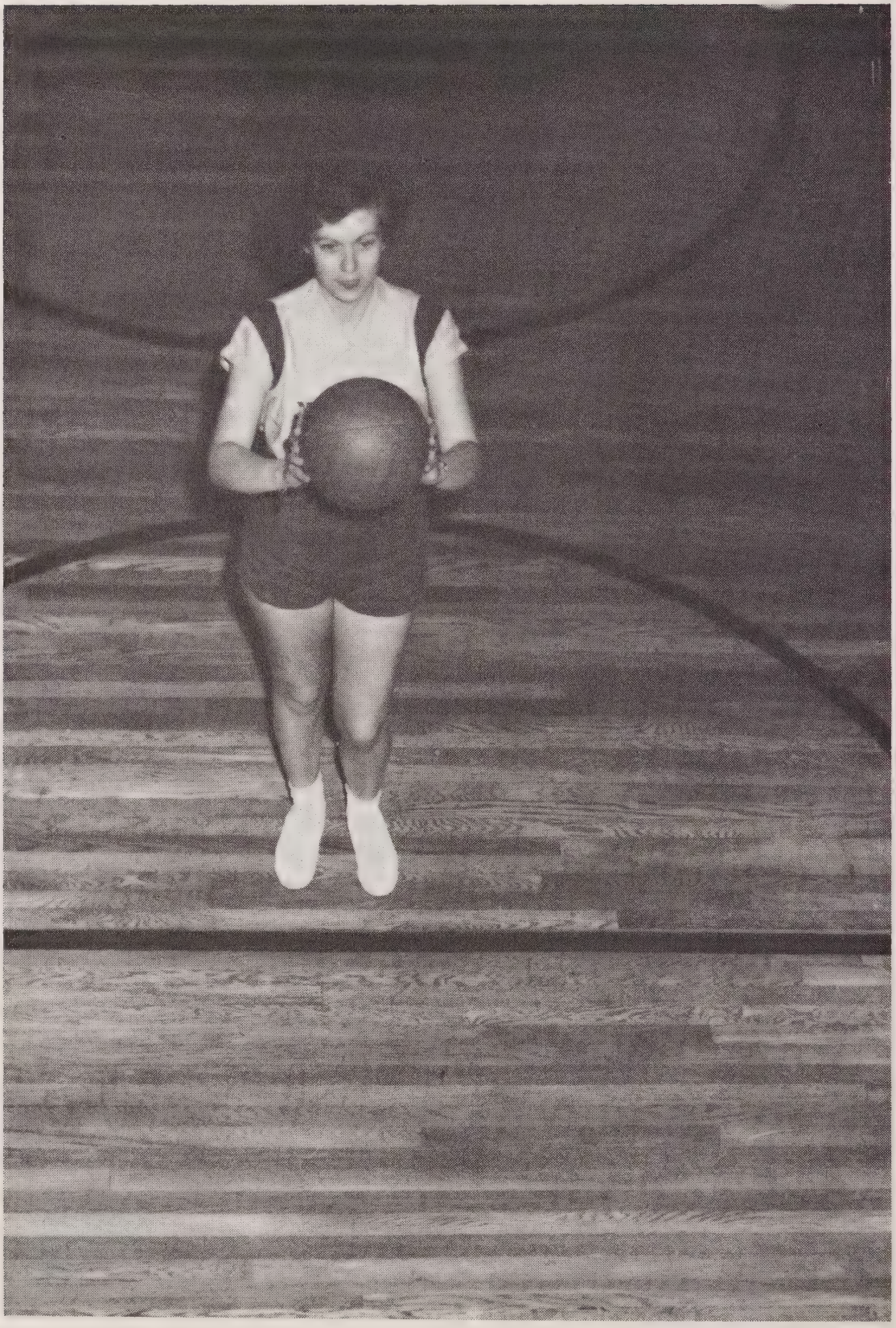


DOROTHY BUCHANAN
Friendliest

DORIS CREWS
Most Professional

DORIS FISHER
Most Intellectual

BETSY LEWIS
Most Likely to Succeed



WINIFRED COUSINS
Most Athletic

JEANETTE THOMAS
Most Original

History

I've been standing here a long time. I'm rather insignificant—only the front gate of WATTS HOSPITAL. But, in my time I've seen lots of coming and going. I know all the inside dope about WATTS. I've seen patients, visitors, doctors, and nurses come and go. Since I see more of them, I feel a little closer to the student nurses—especially the Seniors. Take for example the Seniors of today—the class of 1952.

Saturday, October 1, 1949 was the big day for them. That was the day they first passed through me—the first day of the 1,095 they would spend at WATTS. Not one of the 52 girls even gave me a second look. I had plenty of time to look them over, however. There was a mixture of emotions present—fright, excitement, happiness, expectation, maybe a little bit of homesickness already rearing its head.

The next day, there was church for most of the girls, lunch in the cafeteria, then a tea given in their honor in the Hill House. I had to laugh at them that afternoon. They were all trying to look so "woman-of-the-worldish" when I know they felt so little, so insecure, in this strange new place that was to be their home for three years.

Things settled down to a fairly regular routine of classes and studying the following week. There was a tea given by the First Presbyterian Church, a banquet given by the First Baptist Church, dates on weekends and parties after study hours to relieve the monotony of studies. On October 29, they got their first taste of social life at WATTS. Old Wyche House Basement put on her best and funniest faces for a big Halloween party. It was a tired bunch of girls who finally climbed those stairs at the stroke of twelve.

Studying, classes, labs, dates, weekends at home, walks to the drugstore before 7 p.m.—they found time for all. One day in November, I saw these girls walk over to breakfast all dressed alike. Yes, their long awaited uniforms had come. The following week, they made their first unsteady steps to the wards where they gave their first bed-bath to a real patient.

On December 22, old Santa himself (in the person of Dr. Bob Lewis) came to see the girls at the party in the Hill House. He was good to everybody as always, but they took home more than gifts that night. They took home the beautiful memory of caroling through the hospital and the wonderful plans for vacation which started the next day.

February 17, 1950, there was the big Valentine Dance in the Wyche House Basement. I saw the girls go to the dance with stars in their eyes and their best dancing shoes on, the soles of which were much thinner by midnight.

Oh! But April 2, 1950 was a happy day! I saw the proudest bunch of parents come through me and go into the Wyche House Basement. About an hour later they were joined by 48 of the happiest girls you ever saw. Everyone of these girls had on a WATTS cap—yes, they were capped students, no longer a preclinical but a mighty Freshman, ready to conquer the world.

Summer with its vacations came and went. The girls passed from a Freshman to the state of being a Junior. Then more classes followed, their first 2:30-11, their first night duty — these girls were quickly acquiring confidence in their chosen profession.

In December, there was another big dance, another night of caroling through the hospital, Santa came again, but no vacations. Some of the girls were lucky and had Christmas Day off, but most of them stayed around here with me.

February came with another Valentine Dance. Spring with its picnics came and went. Summer vacations were over and the girls found themselves burning the midnight oil the night of September 30, sewing black bands on their caps. For now, they were Seniors with only one year left. Everyone was already excited over graduation!

I saw the first group of these girls pack all their belongings and head for Raleigh, Dix Hill, and State College. Cars were dragging the ground when they went through me. Girls shouted their goodbyes as if they'd never come back. But they did come back, after a wonderful affiliation, to be replaced by others in their class.

Christmas again. Yes, their last Christmas at WATTS. There was the Glee Club Concert, the Choral Communion at Duke, and as always, Santa found his way to Hill House when the girls came in from caroling.

The year 1951 was gone and 1952 was upon them. February brought another Valentine Dance. The girls began leaving again for vacations. Spring donned her prettiest leaves and flowers; sunbathing became the fad again. Their last year was quickly slipping through their fingers.

Now, with graduation upon them, these girls, the Adams' Class of 1952 are an excited lot. All the talking of white uniforms, the Senior Dance, the Senior Banquet, State Board Exams, and most important, the big night itself—September 30, when they will be graduates. Mingled with this excitement is the sadness which comes with leaving friends and memories of three wonderful years of working together toward a common goal.

They pass through me with a glowing future ahead of them—each of a better person for having been here, WATTS a better place for having them here these three years. I watch them go with sadness in my heart, but there is gladness there too. I'm glad I saw these girls realize their ambitions here at WATTS and rise to take their place in the greatest profession of all—the nursing profession.

THE FRONT GATE,
LAWRENCE PILAND.

Prophecy

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound, much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found." How true! How true! To express in so many words the joys, hardships, and memories we will treasure forever would be impossible. It is a past that will forever be present in our future. . . . The sad and wiery song of the famous "pan." . . . The sweet tinkle of the little bell that sings so merrily at the beautiful and glorious hour of six a.m. . . . the sparkling eyes and gleaming faces that buzz to and fro as the sun rises to give light to the day which holds adventures untold. Aprons crack and pop! There is a flash of blue. The little "White Cap" hurries to and fro then disappears around the corner . . . but wait! What is this? Memories? The bobbing "White Cap" has turned the corner and the flash of blue is no more, but in its place, shining in all its glory is the beautiful white. Quietly now, for we too shall turn the corner and take a peek into the future as "The Women In White" walk onward.

Bless! You might have known. There goes Doris Crews or rather Mrs. Elliot, and look at those four boys—everyone a redhead! And who is that? Why it's Joyce Westmoreland Bumpass and her little boy in a sailor suit! Like father like son, you know.

There goes Edna Crew and believe it or not, she tips the scales at 150. We told you to lay off those Baby Ruth candy bars. Oh well, you can work it off in your "Garden In The Rain."

Joyce Oakley has just eaten an ice cream cone and is now in the process of beating it off on the floor for fear that she may loose that tiny figure of hers. She has just finished her book, "Push Away From The Table While You're Able, If you Want To Look Like Grable . . . Betty That Is"! Her Roommate Barbara, we see, is happily married and has a house full of little Lewises. The love for nursing must run in the family. Her little girl refuses to chew on anything but a tongue blade!

Becky Bolick makes a very efficient Superintendent of Nurses and her dress shops are known throughout the country, thanks to the outstanding sketches and designs by Lee Pennington. Lee hopes to give her first art exhibition early in the spring.

Ah ha! We knew it all the time! Winnie Cousins is the chief cook and bottle washer at the Pittsboro Clinic. Keep 'em on their toes, Winnie. Egads . . . Dottie Buchanon is head nurse on Ward G. Live and learn! Her roommate, Mary Tom, likes working in the hospital in Burlington, but her children keep her so busy that she has decided to open an all-day nursery for them.

Polly Costner and Mattie Williams have replaced Miss Carden and Miss Matthews in O.R. The girls' hubbies say that they learn quite a lot serving as first assistant in home canning, but they just can't seem to get the hang of sterile technique.

There go Doris Parrish and her hubby Wyatt with their three girls. If you will buy the latest edition of "Homes and Gardens" you will see their lovely farm which won them top honors.

It's a girl! Woody says the population is really increasing. She should know. Her job as O.B. Supervisor really keeps her on the go.

Vera Burris became so attached to U.N.C. in the process of obtaining her B.S., that she accepted the position as Superintendent of Nurses in the newly completed hospital there. Laurie Piland developed such a love for the old famous "Dix-Hill" that she decided to stay there and replace Mrs. Pitchford. Show your honor card, Laurie!

Hopeless Hope! Still as crazy as ever, but now she can blame it on her four children. Hubby Bob says she's really quite harmless. Betty Adams and Betty Humphrey, the "Annie Girls of '51" are still going strong. Their theme song is "We'll Never Grow Old." Marie Smith has decided that marriage and raising a family is too big a job and has decided to retire from nursing temporarily. She says that she is loosing out on her basketball practice. Dot Byrum was just awarded the trophy for "Miss Speedball of '53." She says she loves her nursing profession and continues to decline the numerous offers from the modeling agencies that stay on her heels. Becky Roberts makes a top ace editor of the hospital paper "The Little Lady." Her recent article, "Life of A Nurse In Hospital U.S.A." just goes to show you that it takes a nurse to understand a nurse.

Val Vinson is still working in the Vet's Hospital. She says it's tough work trying to keep up with her husband who is trying to keep up with Uncle Sam's Army. It is reported that the Vet's Hospital in Fayetteville is really up-to-date these days. I guess Carolyn Jordan has her hands full trying to keep things in order.

Freida says that this nursing profession is really progressing at a rapid rate of speed. She is in the midst of a series of studies for the ANA.

Carolyn Lewis says, "Oh for the time and leisure of days of old." She has her hands full with those twin boys. She wonders how her old roommate manages four of them!

Mi Mi Becher, Polly Williams, Glenna Stowers, and Mavis Allen have finally transformed the Presbyterian Hospital in New Jersey into a good old Southern one. They even have the patients saying "you-all." Mavis has even planted four oaks and a pine on the grounds. "It seems more like home," she says. Jan Thomas has a full time job serenading the children in Ward D. In her spare time she is still trying to explain the simple rules of Rummy to the same old bunch of "thickheads." She says it is a little difficult by mail, though.

Becky Perry has just finished her book, "The Trials And Tribulations Of Love." Jane Powell is still dancing twenty-four hours a day, and Betsy Lewis . . . Bless . . . is still expressing her manicy moods by doing a mad Charleston with a cone of ice cream in each hand . . . and, one in reserve, of course! All three agree that a "quiet" beach party is just what the doctor ordered for a rest. The rest of the old gang have "volunteered" their services and will go along to keep them company.

Dot Fisher says she just can't believe that she is actually married. She says she really never had an interest in the boys anyway??? And who married her? Why Eunice Fisher's husband, the parson, of course. We knew you had it in you "Onice." How do you like being a preacher's wife?

What of the prophet, you say? From the last reports, she was still hiding out in the swamps of Florida looking for a fool-proof color-back. The last time we saw her she was singing "Too Bad I Lose."

And so the future has revealed itself. Now we turn the corner and find ourselves again in the present, but time marches on and the path is short . . . the final turn is near. Already we look back into the clouds of memories that will go with us forever.

Emma Ruth "Offie" Darden,
Class Prophet.

Last Will and Testament

We, the class of 1952, in the county of Durham, the city of Durham and the State of North Carolina, being as much as possible of sound mind and body, of good character and being certain that we shall soon depart from these parts, do hereby make and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

To the following persons, we do declare to be lawful and rightful heirs to the valuable property of which we have to dispose.

ARTICLE I

SECTION I: To the Educational Department: We leave . . . to free them of worries.

SEC. II: To Mrs. Bessie Burgess and Miss Sarah Smith: We do leave the chairs in their office to the Rising Senior Class.

SEC. III: To the Staff Doctors: We wish to thank them, from the depths of our hearts for their understanding, tolerance and tireless efforts to aid us in future years.

ARTICLE II

SECTION I: To the Adams Class II: We leave our high place of service, our friendship, our responsibility of being the Senior Class of Watts Hospital School of Nursing and all Senior privileges of which we were deprived.

SEC. II: To the Adams Class II: We leave our ability to work, to organize and to be leaders.

SEC. III: I, Betty Adams, do leave my Sweetheart Crown to anyone with same head size.

I, Mavis Allen, do will "three oaks and a pine" to anyone, provided they give me Maplewood, New Jersey, in exchange.

I, MiMi Becher, will my Hudson to any College Widow who could use it—Bless those joy rides to Carolina.

I, Becky Bolick, will my ability to keep a steady boy friend for three years to Mary Elizabeth Stuckey.

I, Dotty Buchanan, will my winning smile to Shirley Jackson.

I, Vera Burris, will my athletic ability to Carrie Hall.

I, Dot Byrum, will my pretty blonde hair to Jean Bullock.

I, Polly Costner, will my ability to get married to Martha Harmon, provided she keeps it under her cap.

I, Winnie Cousins, will my love for Wake Forest to anyone who would like a Deacon.

I, Edna Crew, leave my love for Baby Ruth candy bars to Kathryn Fish.

I, Doris Crews, will my professional ability to Doris Moore.

I, Offie Darden, just leave, my corns and Watts, hoping corns are not contagious in Florida.

I, Dot Fisher, leave many broken hearted men because of my return to Whiteville "where the lights shine bright all night."

I, Eunice Fisher, leave my love for and good times at Holden's Beach to anyone who has time to wait for the ferry.

I, Hope Gurkin, will my carefree formula for love to Patricia Adams trusting she, too, may wear a "pin."

I, Betty Humphrey, will my petiteness to Audrey King.

I, Carolyn Jordan, will my happy-go-lucky way of life to anyone who thinks twice about the same subject.

I, Betsy Lewis, leave my seat on the porch at Anderson Hall, Dix Hill, to anyone desiring a date and my ability to Charleston to anyone who can recall flapper days.

I, Carolyn Lewis, will my love for Pediatrics to Frances Rosemond but refuse to part with my love for Saxapahaw "right outside of Graham."

I, Mary McVey, leave Watts Hospital, Durham, and Snow Camp for "just plain Bill."

I, Joyce Oakley, will any place where the sun shines to anyone desiring a sun tan as much as I.

I, Doris Parrish, will my scissors and crew cut with directions for same to Mary Hatch.

I, Becky Perry, will my winning ways to Faye King also my knack to date Duke boys but still root for Carolina.

I, Lee Pennington, will my one week infatuations to Doris Teachey.

I, Lawrence Piland, leave my love for State College to Mary Helen Fisher, since Wake Forest has claimed my heart.

I, Jane Powell, reluctantly leave my love for college dances and beach parties (any college —any beach!) to Betty Hurst in hopes that she will keep up tradition.

I, Becky Roberts, joyfully leave the endless hours spent on The White Cap to the entire Adams Class II and I gleefully leave—period.

I, Freida Simmons, leave my teddy bear and all service men from Pennsylvania to Billie Hatcher.

I, Marie Smith, leave my collection of diamond rings to Jean Tiller in order that she may replace her fraternity pins.

I, Barbara Stockard, leave my love for the nursery to Edna Harrell but refuse to part with the helpful knowledge gained therein.

I, Glenna Stowers, will my excess height to Jeneverette Wilson.

I, Jan Thomas, will my many hair-nets to Edith Schneider so the supervisors "may rest in peace."

I, Val Vinson, leave my quiet ways to Reba Smith.

I, Lukie Wade, leave my surname to my sister, Betsy, as I plan to change mine soon.

I, Joyce Westmoreland, will my good looks to Barbara Smith.

I, Mattie Williams, left my appendix to the "Path" department and feel that is enough to leave at Watts.

I, Polly Williams, leave my dimples to Jimmie Weathers provided she will make good use of same.

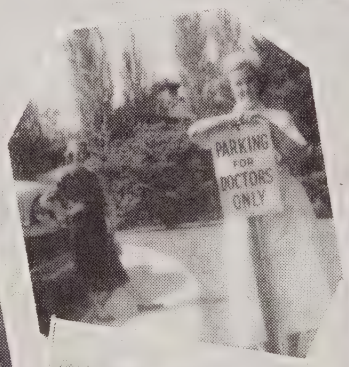
I, Judy Woody, will my love for OBS to Lee Lynch, and hope she reads as many comics as I, when on call.

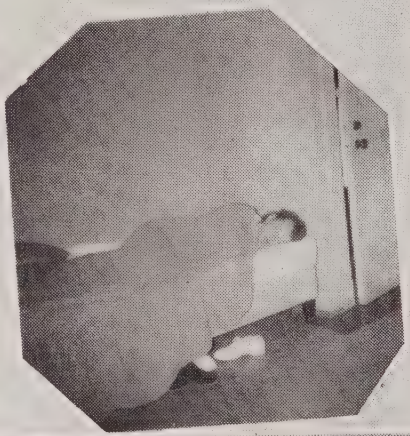
ARTICLE III

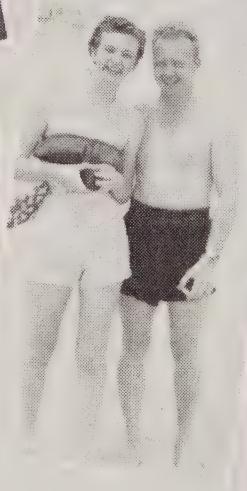
We, the Senior Class of Watts Hospital School of Nursing do hereby appoint and instruct Dr. John Henderson as sole Executor for our Last Will and Testament to carry out the same; his decision as to any matter being final.

Thirty-eight Noble Seniors.

Snaps







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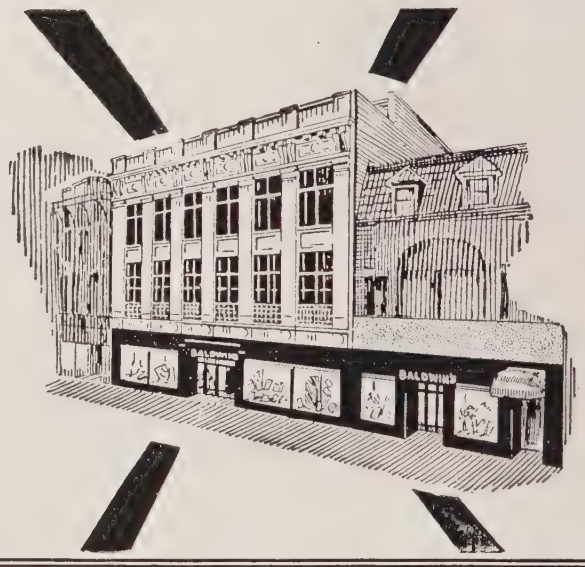

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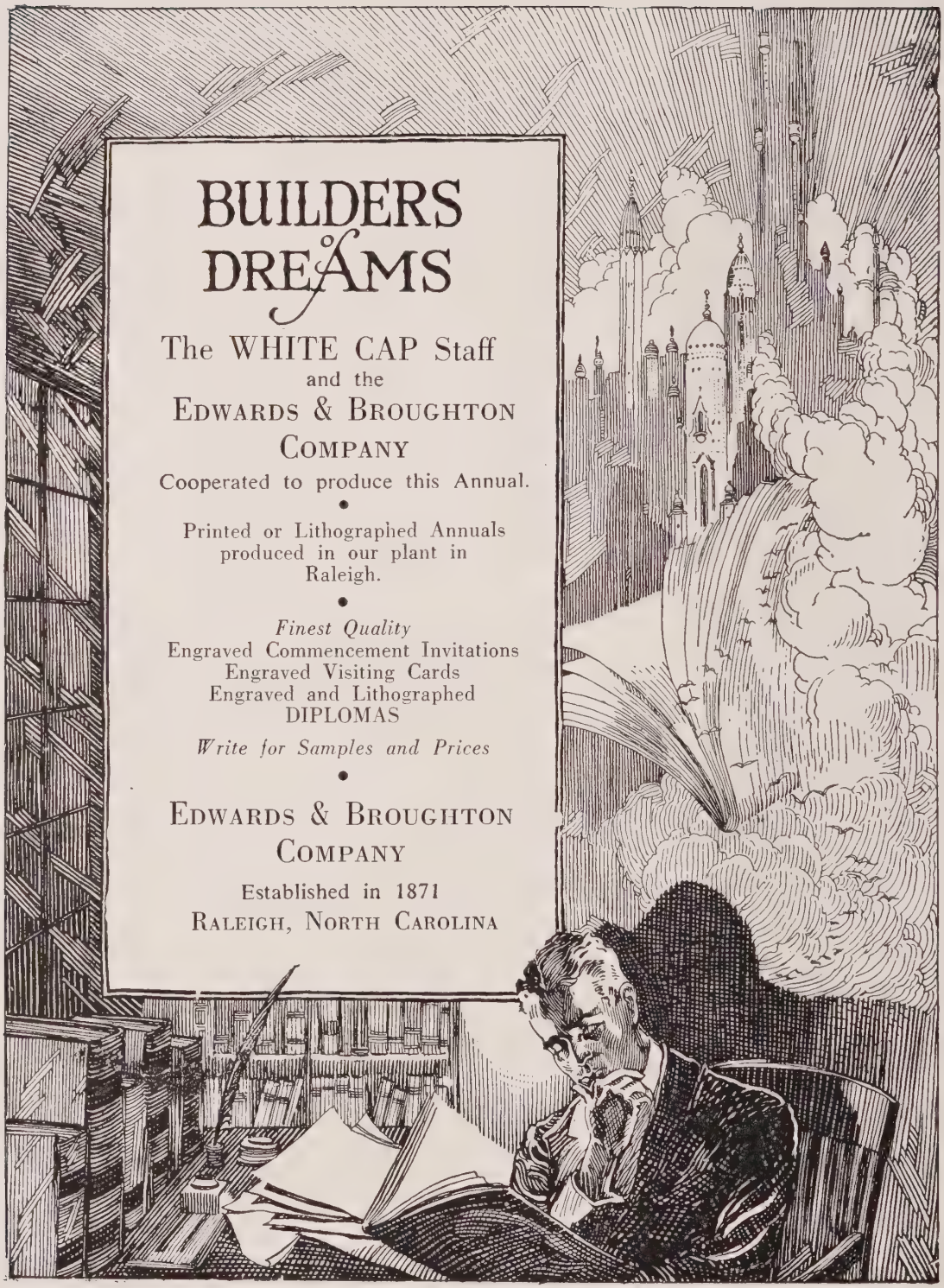
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